

# Our Plight

We are forgotten.  
Unkown  
Anonymous  
Black and Brown Faces  
Painted in Agony  
Children Starving  
Mothers crying in anguish  
Women assaulted indiscriminately  
Men's corpses litter the ground

What has changed?  
Our suffering has never been surprising  
The world is silent  
We get a small section in the newspaper,  
A footnote in the history of human suffering

Cities burn like wildfires,  
Our cries of pain and despair  
Are the backdrop of bombs and bullets  
Do you think we are bulletproof?  
Or are you used to our pain?

We're just trauma porn  
Pictures used to pretend you care,  
My people deserve dignity  
They have died with honour  
Not for this-

We're not going to beg you to care  
How could we?  
Have we sunk so low?  
Or did we just overestimate our place in the world?  
I know we are nothing but a source of entertainment for some...

Or the poster board for tragedy in a third-world country,  
One that had been through many wars  
Genocide  
Scheming Neighbors  
And false friends

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They want to exploit us,  
Claim colonialism is a thing of the past  
Then tell me why my people die for freedom;  
Everyone stands in the way of what we want

Political stability?  
Do we know that?  
Foreign influence and interests not taking precedence over the people?  
A bad joke  
Unity?  
Have we ever had that since you came to our land?

The birthplace of humanity  
It is a graveyard,  
Violated by atrocities  
And people who claim they have morals

It's been two years-  
No, it's been more  
since 1956  
What have we had for ourselves?

False borders  
Civil war  
Massacres  
Genocide

We are strong  
We have fallen  
But we will rise up  
With or without you

This belongs to us  
Our plight.

*By,*  
Hiba Babiker